

# The Old Commonwealth.

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## SOULS, NOT STATIONS.

Who shall judge a man by manners?  
Who shall know him by his dress?  
Princes may be fit for princes,  
Princes fit for something less,  
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket  
May belittle the golden ore  
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—  
Satin vest could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar  
Ere swelling out of stone;  
There are purple buds and golden,  
Hidden, crushed and overgrown.  
God, who counts for souls, not dresses,  
Loves and prospers you and me,  
While he values thrones, the highest,  
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, unpraised above his fellows,  
Oft forgets his fellow then,  
Masters—rulers—lords—remember  
That your meek hands are men!  
Men by labor, men by feeling,  
Men by thought, and men by fame,  
Claiming equal rights to sunshine,  
In a man's ennobled name.

There are foam embroidered oceans;  
There are little weed-clad rills;  
There are little inch-high sapplings,  
There are cedars on the hills.  
But God, who counts for souls, not stations,  
Loves and prospers you and me,  
For to him all vain distinctions,  
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders  
Of a nation's wealth and fame;  
Titled laziness is pensioned,  
Fed and fattened on the same,  
By the sweat of other's foreheads,  
Living only to rejoice,  
While the poor man's outraged freedom,  
Vainly lifts up its voice.

But truth and justice are eternal,  
Burn with loveless and light,  
And sunset's wrongs will never prosper  
While there is a sunny right.  
And God, whose world-wide voice is singing,  
Will speak oppression with its tides,  
As the pebbles on the sea.

## JENNIE'S GIFT.

### A TRUE STORY.

Some time ago, while in Alabama, having nothing to do one morning, I strolled into the police court. Blacks and whites were on an equality there, and I sat my eye over the prisoners awaiting their trials. Not a very interesting sight, for rags and dissipation were prominent features with them all, and one by one they were examined by the judge, and disposed of according to the offense, until one alone remained. He was a tall, well-proportioned man, of about thirty; his face had once been handsome, but the deep furrows of care about his eyes and mouth had bereft him of all beauty. His general expression was woe-begone beyond redemption. He was charged with vagrancy. "Caught him sleeping in a cellar, in Conti street, yer honor," the officer explained.

"Your name?" interrogated his Honor.

"Robert Leighton, sir," was the response.

"Your age?"

"Twenty-seven, sir."

"Where do you live?"

"The man bedded before replying, then said: 'Wilmington, Jersey, was my home, but bitter fate has made the world my home.'"

"Search him, officer," said his Honor; and the man underwent a trial that made his sensitive frame quiver with indignation.

"Here's something, yer Honor," exultingly cried the officer, working his fingers about the lining of the man's aged coat. "Here's something sewed up in his vest."

"Cut it out," said his Honor, suspiciously eyeing the vagrant; and the officer, obeying his injunctions, soon brought to view a gold pencil with attached pen, which, on being handed to the presiding functionary, was critically examined.

"I will take charge of this," he said, "until I find the owner. You stand committed."

The prisoner stepped forward the far, and, raising his hands toward heaven, cried:

"O judge! don't take that! It was a gift from—from one who is dearer than life to me. I was not always what I seem; but don't keep that!"

"Do you know that vagrancy is punishable with imprisonment?"

"I do, sir; but what is a man to do? I was happy until the panic came and swept away my little all. I tried hard to retrieve my fallen fortunes. I thought by traveling I might in some distant State earn enough to start again in the world. But from one place to another I went, and everywhere I was shunned with disdainful glances. The facts were soon apparent, for I was ragged and dirty beyond recognition. I reached the South with no better success. As days followed days, and weeks crept into months, I lost all care; and from cabins on the road I begged life's essentials. But this is my first offense anywhere, your Honor, as God is my judge!"

There was a slight stir in the room at the conclusion of the prisoner's speech, and even the seemingly stern judge relaxed a little in the man's case. After eyeing him for a moment, the judge, leaning his huge body forward, and clearing his throat, said:

"Extenuating circumstances being admitted in your behalf, I hereby discharge you with this advice: Leave off this life. Try to be a man among men. There is room enough in this world for double the number of occupants, and you may go. But remember, if you are again caught in this county, upon any charge, you will be severely dealt with. Here is your pen-

cil, and in memory of her who gave it to you, reform, reform! Go!"

Eagerly the prisoner grasped the gift restored to him, pressing it to his heart, then impressing kiss after kiss upon it. At that moment, his Honor wanted to wipe his spectacles, and turned his head for the purpose, while the vagrant said:

"Thank you, your Honor, and may Heaven bless you for your kindness. If I do raise myself to a proper eminence, I will endeavor to repay you with tenfold interest;" and he hurried out of the place.

I had grown greatly interested in the fellow's eventful narration, and I followed him out. On emerging from the court-house, I saw him standing on the curb, apparently undecided as to what course to pursue. Approaching, and touching him on the shoulder, I said:

"Looking for work?"

"Yes, if 'tis honest," he replied, quickly.

"Then it will be worth your while to call at the La Clede Hotel this evening, about seven o'clock. Until then there are four bits for you." He was averse to taking the half dollar, but I pressed it upon him, and in reply he said:

"I'll be there, sir, trust me," and then he walked away.

I don't know to this day what impelled me to act as I did, but I had formed a resolution while returning to the hotel. On reaching it, I related the circumstances, and ended by saying, "I'm going to raise a subscription for him, and put down four bits. If you want to assist him, send in your cash to me for a worthy cause, no matter how little you give. Try and rake up a suit of clothes for him, and send him on his way rejoicing." And as I painted the picture of poor humanity to them, I saw hands holding out two and four bits, several dollars from leading gentlemen, until I had thirteen dollars and sixty-five cents lying on the table in front of me, besides several offers of clothing.

At night when the man appeared, I gave him what had been contributed, and told him to be more careful in the future, for Jennie's sake.

"Will I, sir, will I be careful?" he managed to articulate between mingled thanks and sobs. "I can write to her now, and tell her I have a little money, and it will bring a rosy hue to her fading cheeks and cause her gentle heart to throb with joy. I shall never forget this, sir; I can never sufficiently thank you. I trust we shall meet again. May you ever be successful as you are generous. Good-by, sir, and God bless you!" and he was gone.

For a few days after I marvelled much at what the man was doing; but a month had obliterated the circumstances from my memory.

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Nine months after, and I was again at Montgomery, Alabama. One evening, I met a lady and a gentleman. The former was a beautiful woman not over twenty-four, with roses nestling in her plump, dimpled cheeks, and the light of love beaming from her pretty blue eyes. The gentleman presented a fine appearance, was dressed tastefully but not extravagantly. We exchanged glances frequently, and upon opportunity I bowed politely, to which the lady and gentleman responded.

The next day, while in my room, a waiter entered, gave me a note and then left. "More mystery accumulating," were my words on opening the letter, wherein were penned the following words:

CITY, November—, 1874.

DEAR SIR: Would be pleased to have you call at my earliest convenience. Due at hotel.

JENNIE B. LEIGHTON, 91—street.

To H—, Esq.

Puzzled as to whom the writer might be, and arriving at no definite conclusion, I consulted my friend Dick, explaining the contents of the note, to which he replied:

"It may be all right; the neighborhood is first class, and—well, risk it, and I'll be your shadow till night."

So I immediately commenced preparations for my strange visit. How would it terminate? ran through my busy brain; and all the accounts of "mysterious disappearances" ever chronicled presented themselves to me in the most hideous caricatures. About half-past two, informing Dick I was going, I left the Madison House, and sauntered leisurely in the direction of—street. Arriving at the number—a pretty little cottage it was, fronted by a well-stocked garden—I approached the door and gave the door-bell a vigorous pull, which was answered by the lady I saw the night before. Ere I had opportunity to present myself, the lady in the sweetest of tones said:

"I was afraid my note would not bring you, sir. Won't you walk in, please? My husband will return shortly."

I followed my fair conductress into a neatly-furnished parlor, when she bade me be seated and make myself "perfectly at home."

She must have thought my conduct anything but gentlemanly, for in trying to collect my rambling senses I spoke not a word, though she indulged in an animated conversation. At last I broke out with:

"You will pardon my seeming rudeness, madam, but, really you have the advantage, for I have not the slightest knowledge of ever meeting you before. The name to me is remote. Your features are unfamiliar, and I trust you will overlook all embarrassment on my part, and I might have so continued for an unlimited period, had the bell not broken my words; and the lady, excusing herself, left the apartment. I heard the hall-door open, a firm, manly footstep followed, a slight pause, and then, looking up, beheld a gentleman crossing to me with outstretched hands. I arose to meet him, and received the heartiest welcome ever accorded me.

"No doubt you have forgotten me?"

the gentleman said, deeming my absent look; "but you have ever been in my thoughts. Probably, were it not for you, sir, all this would have been denied me. A loving wife would still have been a heart weary maiden, miles from here, sobbing away her poor life."

I just then remember having somewhere seen a pair of eyes the counterpart of those now beaming upon me with a joyous light. I managed to inform my host that I was unable to account for the honor done me, and requested an explanation, which he was about to give when the dinner was announced, and we adjourned to partake thereof. It was then that I received the following explanation:

"About a year ago," the gentleman commenced, "I was in—, in a court-room, charged with vagrancy—"

"Stop!" I cried; "do you mean—yes, it all returns to me now; you are the one we gave relief to. But exclude those scenes—they must be painful to you—and relate your after experience."

"Those scenes are painful to me," he resumed; "but, nevertheless, ever green in my memory. I can never forget the generosity shown me upon that occasion. But to my story. After effecting a complete change in my attire, I started—for where, I did not know. For days I traveled, visiting all the printing-offices I met (I am by trade a compositor), making enough to keep a little money to lay by for occasions. I at last reached this city, and devoted my time to procuring a situation. One day I called at *The Daily*—office, wherein I stated my object—also mentioning the fact of my being, at one time, city editor of *The*—; and I was given a trial as a compositor and reporter. I soon established my worth and step by step grew in estimation until I was appointed general superintendent of the paper. Frugality in all things soon made me a smart sum of money, and, six months after, I fitted up this little cage, and then sent for my bird. Is she not of plumage rich enough to adorn it? Ah! sir, and all through you I've recorded this happiness. I can never sufficiently thank you, for language can not express them. By you and your friends, I was lifted from the mire. But, sir, I think my eloquence completely overcame his Honor, when I saw that they were about to deprive me of Jennie's gift. The world was dark then, but now the light of love and prosperity is beaming within me, and my soul is filled with undying joy. God bless you!"

And so ended his story. Truly, how strange and inexplicable are the workings of Providence!

Oh! The Wretch.

Hanging is too good for the execrable scamp who got up the following prescription for "Making a Fashionable Woman." The ladies should torture him with "switches," hairpins and ambic needles, and then turn their armies of "rats" and "mice" upon him. Here is what he says:

"Take ninety-nine pounds of flesh and bones—but chiefly bones—wash clean, bore holes in the ears, and cut off the toes; bend the back to conform to the 'Greecian Bend,' the 'Boston Dip,' the 'Kangaroo Droop,' the 'Saratoga Slope,' or the 'Bullfrog Break,' as the taste inclines; then add three yards of ruffles and seventy-five yards of edging, eighteen yards of dimity, one pair of silk cotton hose, with patent hip attachments, one pair of false calves, six yards of flannel embroidered, one pair of lalmoral boots with heels three inches high, four pounds whale bone in strips, seventeen hundred and sixty yards of steel wire, three-quarters of a mile of tape, ten pounds of raw cotton or two wire hemispheres, one wire basket to hold a bustle, four copies of the New York Herald (triple sheet), one hundred and fifty yards of silk or other dress goods, five hundred yards point lace, fourteen hundred yards fringe and other trimmings, twelve gross buttons, one box pearl powder, one saucer carmine and an old hair's foot, one bushel of false hair frizzled and fretted *la manique*, one bundle Japanese switches, with rats, mice and other varnishes; one peck of hairpins, one lace handkerchief nine inches square, with patent holder. Perfume with otto of roses, or sprinkle with nine drops of the 'Blessed Baby' or 'West End.' Stuff the head with fashionable novels, ball tickets, play and wedding cards, some scandal, a great deal of lost time, a very little sage; add half a grain of common sense, three scruples of religion and a modicum of modesty. Season with vanity, affectation and folly. Garnish with ear-rings, breast-pins, chains, bracelets, feathers and flowers to suit the taste. Pearls and diamonds may be thrown in if you have them. If not, paste and pinchbeck from the dollar store will do. Whirl all around in a fashionable circle, and stew by gaslight for six hours. 'Great care should be taken that the thing is not overdone. If it does not rise sufficiently, add more copies of the Herald.'

"This dish is highly ornamental, and will do to put at the head of your table on grand occasions, but it is not suitable for every-day use at home, being very expensive and indigestible. It sometimes gives men the heartburn and causes them to break, and is certain death to children."

"If you have not the ingredients at hand, you can buy the article ready made in any of your cities—if you have money enough."

"Go away! Leave me with my dear! Let me fling myself on his coffin and die there!" That was in Nebraska six months ago, and now the widow has won another trusting soul, and No. 1's portrait is in the attic, face to the wall.

## Knew Her Business.

MR. MAXON GETS ELECTED—HOW HIS WIFE FOUND IT OUT.

James Maxon is a daily initiated and valiant Knight of Pythias, residing on Fourth street. The other night he left home, telling Mrs. Maxon that he was going to the lodge. About half-past eight o'clock two well-dressed men rang the door-bell, and when Mrs. Maxon appeared they introduced themselves as companion Knights of Pythias. They said the lodge had just held an election, and that Mr. Maxon had been unanimously called to the Chancellor's chair—the highest position in the lodge. They had been duly appointed, in accordance with the custom which is peculiar to the Order, to inform her of the distinguished honor that had been conferred on her husband, and to solicit her consent to his acceptance of the office, another stipulation peculiar only to the Knights of Pythias. Mr. Maxon, they said, according to their rules, would hold the office for three years, and would receive an annual salary of \$1,162, this being the exact amount according to the tribute levied on each knight by the superior council. Mrs. Maxon was overjoyed, and thanked the courteous gentlemen—who had meanwhile seated themselves in the parlor—and gave her freest consent to the high and lucrative office conferred upon her worthy husband. The visitors rose to leave, and as they were about to withdraw with all the thoughtful etiquette of thorough gentlemen, one of them suddenly remarked: "Oh! by the way, Mrs. Maxon, I almost forgot to give you this note; Mr. Maxon especially impressed upon me not to forget its delivery." A hurriedly written note was handed Mrs. M., and excusing herself, she retired to the lighter parlor and read:

Dear Wife: I have been selected from among the 375 members of my lodge to act as Chancellor, a flattering office worth nearly \$1,200 a year. It is always customary for the newly elected Chancellor to furnish refreshments for the knights. I have only \$50 with me. Please send me at least \$50, for I must do the thing up well. Send \$100 if you have it handy, or borrow it of the neighbors. It will all come back when I get my first month's salary—\$100. Your loving husband,

JAMES MAXON.

Mrs. Maxon's eyes opened and she thought a moment. Then she went to a wardrobe, plunged her hand into the pocket of her silk dress, pulled out a pretty Russia leather purse, and from its snugly tucked up corner took a bill. It looked nice and fresh and had in big figures upon it, "\$100." Going to the door she inquired of the waiting gentlemen, "Will you take the money to him?" The kind looking fellow who handed her the note, professing not to know what was in it, spoke up, "Oh, certainly, certainly. I'll see that he gets it safely. Glad to accommodate you, madam."

Said Mrs. Maxon, "I have only a \$100 bill, and James wants but fifty, and besides that I don't want to send the whole of it. Will you get it changed for me, please."

The two gentlemen consulted a moment and then said, "Oh, we have change," and straightway made up fifty dollars and gave it to Mrs. M. in exchange for the bill, and wishing her a very good night retired with all the elegant grace and manliness characteristic of the noble Pythian Knights.

In about twenty minutes Mr. Maxon came home. "Why," said his wife, "I thought you were entertaining your knightly associates. I didn't expect you before midnight, considering the amount of money you wanted for your feast."

"What do you mean," inquired Mr. Maxon. "I don't understand you."

"Why, didn't you send me this?" said Mrs. M., as she handed him the note. "Right after you left two very clever looking gentlemen called and said you had been elected to some high office—Chancellor, I think—and I, of course—"

Maxon, who had glanced over the note and discovered its complexion, ejaculated, "You gave it to them? Why it's a diabolical swindle. Did you give them any money? How much?"

"Why I gave them a hundred dollars and received fifty dollars in change. Here it is."

Mr. Maxon in a despairing way took the money and carelessly glanced it over at first, then more eagerly scanning each bill carefully. "Well, well," said he at last, "this is a double outrage. Why, all this money is counterfeit except two five dollar notes! But where in the name of common sense did you ever get a \$100 bill. You didn't borrow that of the neighbors, did you?"

"No," said Mrs. Maxon, who appeared to her husband to be strangely undisturbed, "I took that \$100 note you gave me about a year ago. Don't you remember? You told me to look out and not to spend it."

"Why, that's a counterfeit!" said the husband.

"I knew it was. Did you suppose I didn't see through their stupid game, Mr. Maxon? Your wife is no fool if she is a woman. Give me them two good \$5 bills if you please, I just want a new bonnet."

MR. LUKE CUTLER, a noted temperance lecturer of Northern New England, dropped dead on the stage at Bangor, Me., last week, while making a speech for the cause. This should be a warning to all temperance lecturers.

A LITTLE girl asked by her mother about suspicious little bits in the sides of a dozen choice apples, answered, "Perhaps, mamma, they have been frost-bitten, it was so cold last night."

## Oliver Cromwell.

Literary sycophants have been accustomed to revile the character of Cromwell, and to represent him as a low-born hypocrite or bigot. He had not the graces of Lord Chancellor Hutton, but he would have walked through an army of Haltons as an ox walks through a field of grasshoppers.

Born of an ancient family descended from some of the high nobility, he was related to Thomas Cromwell, the Earl of Essex and sometimes minister to Henry VIII. His grandfather was Sir Henry Cromwell, the Lord of Hinchinbrook, known as the "Golden Knight," on account of his great riches; and his mother was one of the best of English blood, and her relationship to James I. induced that monarch, on his way to take possession of the English crown, to become a guest at the Cromwell mansion, where Oliver, then but four years old, saw the king at the family table—James never dreaming that the head of his son would be off by this kindred boy, who should reign in his stead.

He was educated at the University of Cambridge, and when but eighteen years old was called home by the death of his father, to be the sole protector of his mother and sisters.

While reading law in London, at the age of twenty, he fell in love with Elizabeth, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Sir James Bourchier, a wealthy knight. At the age of twenty-one he married, and under the same roof with his mother took his young bride, who afterwards coming to her exalted station, showed a purity and nobleness of character more beautiful than her personal loveliness. She was the first and only love of Cromwell, and in the height of his greatness and near the end of his reign, when to necessity had separated them for a short time, she, like a true loving woman, desired him for not writing often; and to her chidings he replied:—"My beloved wife, you scold me in your letters because by my silence I appear to forget you. Truly it is I who ought to complain, for I love you too much. That art dearer to me than all the world."

He was in Parliament at the age of twenty-nine, and again at the age of forty; and when the Civil War broke out he raised two companies of soldiers at his own expense and devoted his entire estate to the public service.

When he came to power the haughtiest kings and nobles of Europe sought political and military alliance. At his death the Court of France went into mourning, though he had required Louis XVI. to banish the sons of Charles, whose widow was Henrietta of France, the daughter of Henry the Great. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, as a legal monarch, beside the annotated kings.

There was a time when all seemed lost of the liberties of England, and Cromwell thought of leaving his country. But in those trying times, when all good men began to despair, Cromwell and the just men who sympathized with him, "thought the Lord in prayer; and it was His guidance," as they believed, to guide their swiftness for war and rescue England from her slavery, and from that hour they never feared. Prince Rupert the nephew of Charles, was accustomed with his gay troops to carry all before him by his dashing onsets. At the battle of Marston Moor he led 20,000 eager Royalists, and for the first time he dashed against the "Ironside" of Cromwell. It was like the dash of sea-foam against a granite mountain. After the battle Cromwell wrote to his wife: "God made them as stable to our swords."

When in the plenitude of his power, young Lely, afterwards the Court painter of the frail beauties of the Second Charles, wanted to paint him. "Paint me as I am," said Cromwell. "If you leave out the scars and wrinkles, I will not pay you a shilling." Go to the Pitti Palace, the picture with the scars and wrinkles you shall see; but a kinder head reposed on kinder shoulders you shall never see.—Hon. Edward Pierrepont.

The St. Louis Republican having asked what the "B." in Susan B. Anthony's name stands for, various guesses have been made. One says a Bee never stands for anything, but goes right on buzzing; another thinks it was put there to mark Anthony; another thinks it was imperative on Susan B. Anthony, and never be anything else; another says Bonanza; another, Butterfly, as gorgeous in plumage and artless in its ways; another says that Susan B. was once married to a Mr. Anthony, who deserted her for a colored girl called Cleopatra; and another, that Tilton is responsible for it—when somebody told Susan to get up out of his lap, he said, "Let Susan B."

INDIANA must look to her laurels, or else the enterprising Territory of Idaho will eclipse her in the divorce business. A member of the legislature of this Arcadia in the far, far West, overwhelmed by the numerous and pressing applications for the legal separation of married couples, has introduced a bill divorcing all the married people in the Territory. This modern Solon gives as his reason for this singular proposition that it will save time, and time is money. He sagaciously remarks that all who wish to do so can get remarried.

An upright man, who does not want to be set down as a suicide or a murderer, or both, should beware how he goes to a drug store and asks for five cents' worth of strychnine. It is much easier to endure the ravages of four or five hundred rats than to encounter the terrible eye of a druggist who thinks he understands human nature.

## How Twenty Ears of Corn Yielded Twenty Millions of Dollars.

Anthracite coal was discovered in Pennsylvania soon after the settlement of the Wyoming valley, but its first practical use was by Obadiah Goss in his blacksmith shop, in the year 1798. In 1791 Philip Ginter discovered anthracite on the Lehigh. In 1792 Robert Morris, of Philadelphia, formed a company and purchased 6,000 acres of the property on which Ginter discovered the coal. The company was called the "Lehigh Coal Mine." This company opened the mine and found the vein to be 50 feet thick, and of the very best quality of coal. The company made every effort to secure a demand for the coal, but without success, and having become thoroughly disgusted with their speculation, leased the 6,000 acres of this mammoth coal to Messrs. White & Hazard, of Philadelphia, for twenty years, at an annual rental of one ear of corn. Messrs. White & Hazard tried to use the coal in the blast furnace in 1826, but failed; the furnaces chilled. In 1831 Neilson conceived the idea of the hot blast for saving fuel, and in 1833 David Thomas adopted the idea of using the hot blast and anthracite together. White & Hazard had, previous to this, formed a company and bought the property. In 1839 David Thomas made the use of anthracite for making pig metal a success, by which the twenty ears of corn were transformed into twenty millions of dollars. And this is the early history of the great Lehigh coal mines of the present day.

I remember well the banquet given by Burd Patterson and Nicholas Biddle, at Mount Carbon, in 1840, at which time they paid Wm. Lyman, proprietor of the Pioneer furnace, \$5,000, the premium they had offered for the first successful use of anthracite coal as fuel in the blast furnace. But David Thomas was the lion of the day; it was he who showed them how to do it; and hale and hearty to-day, as then, he stands a worthy representative of science.

Two Ways of Describing a Husband.

A married lady, obliged to show her letters to her husband, sent the following to a friend: Read the first line, and then every other only.

I cannot be satisfied, my dearest friend, blessed as I am in the matrimonial state, unless I pour into your friendly bosom, which was always in unison with mine, the various sensations which swell with the liveliest emotions of pleasure, my almost burning heart. My dear husband is the most amiable of men. I have been married seven weeks, and have never found the least reason to repent the act, as my husband is in person and manners unlike the ugly, cross, disagreeable and jealous men, who think by confining to secure.

A wife it is his maxim to treat as a bosom friend and companion, not as a menial, slave or plaything, the woman of his choice—neither party, he says, should always obey implicitly, but yield to each other in turns. An ancient maiden aunt, near seventy, a cheerful, venerable and kind old lady, staying with us—she is the delight of both young and old; she is civil to all the neighborhood around, generous and charitable to the poor. My husband likes nothing better than he does me; he flatters me more than the glass, and his intoxication makes me blush for the unworthiness of its object. I wish I was deserving of the man whose name I bear. To say all in one word—and to crown the whole—my former love is now my own husband, my fondness is returned, and I might have had a prince, without the felicity I find in him. Adieu! be you as blest as I'm unable to wish that I could be more happy.

[From the Wilmington (Del.) Gazette.]

A Walk Around the World.

Mr. Mark Grason, of Richmond, Va., is now in this city, training for the prodigious and hitherto unattempted feat of walking around the world.

Several weeks ago Mr. Grason, backed by Leon McCarty, entered into a wager of \$25,000 with J. P. Wilkinson and Thos. L. Murdock, (the parties being all from Richmond, Va.) that he could walk around the world in six hundred days. The distance to be included in the entire route is 19,226 miles, which will make a daily average of a little over thirty-two miles.

Under the terms of the agreement, which have been accepted and signed, Grason is to start from the City Hall, New York, on Saturday, April 3, 1878, and to return to the same place Thursday, November 23, 1876. Part of his trip will be on the ocean steamers, during which time he will make up his daily average by walking on shipboard. He will be accompanied by Mr. McCarty and some persons to be sent out by the other parties to the wager.

The exceptions included in the agreement are delays occasioned by assault or unavoidable accidents. Mr. Grason is twenty-eight years old, five feet seven inches high, and weighs one hundred and thirty-nine pounds, and has been known in Richmond in the various capacities of an actor, author and pedestrian. During the excitement occasioned by Weston's walks, he started out in the pedestrian line, and soon accomplished a walk of one hundred miles in twenty-four hours.

During the Seymour and Blair campaign in 1868 he walked from Richmond to Omaha, a distance of about 1,500 miles. He carried the stars and stripes, and made one hundred and twenty-three democratic speeches on the way at various places. He now claims to be the champion pedestrian of the world.

A woman gets maddest when you make an unfavorable comparison of her baby with a neighbor's. In the absence of a baby, you can work her up some by puffing up a Grover & Baker sewing machine when she runs a Singer.—*Wilmington Sentinel.*

## Uncle Hob.

HOW THE OLD MAN DIED—TAKING HIS LAST LUXURY ON EARTH.

His full name was Hobdon Wright Turner, but everybody called him "Hob." He must have passed his sixtieth birthday, but no one cared to look a second time to see if he was growing old or wearing out. He chafed around livery stables and saloons, always hungry and always ragged, and while no one was his friend, he had no enemies.

The other day he fell down in a faint in a saloon on the river road, and when he was restored to consciousness he startled the three or four men who had placed him on the bed by exclaiming: "Boys, I'll be darned if I ain't going to die!"

No one had ever stopped to think whether Uncle Hob was ever going to die. It was the general impression among his acquaintances that he would live along for three or four hundred years.

"How do you feel?" they asked.

"Kinder trembly and weak," he replied. "I'll bet fifty cents I'll kick the bucket afore noon!"

They offered to bring a doctor, but he said:

"No, don't take any trouble; 'tend right to business as usual, and when I kick the beam plant me quietly and without any style!"

The men imagined that it was mere weakness which would soon pass off, and one of them sat down near him while the others retired to go about their business.

"It's tough weather for a funeral!" remarked Uncle Hob, as the fierce wind howled around the house. "It don't make any difference how I'm carried up; I wouldn't know it if there were sixteen hicks and a brass band; just as lief go up alone with the driver!"

After a pause he smiled blandly and inquired:

"They'll speak of me as the 'late deceased,' won't they? Yes, of course. I should like to read the papers to-morrow and see what they say of me, but I won't be here, you know."

"Have you any property to dispose of?" asked the watcher.

"Lemme see!" mused Uncle Hob. "Yes, there's an extra pair of bates and a hat and about 17 cents in money. I suppose the right way would be to have executors 'pnted, but as I said before, I don't want any fooling around. You can divide up the estate between you."

The old man was very pale, and he seemed to be suffering, and the watcher was anxious to do something.

"I tell you," replied Uncle Hob, "I'd like some brandy. If it wasn't just as it is I wouldn't put you to any trouble, but being I'm going away to stay I'd like a few swallows of real peach brandy—some of that in the fancy decanter."

Some was brought to him, and he, smacking his lips, smiled, and remarked:

"If I wasn't going to die I'd try and lay in a quart, or two of that brand!"

After five or ten minutes more the nurse asked him if he didn't feel better.

"Feel better!" echoed the old man, "how can a dying man feel better? Dey you suppose I'd be fooling around here if I wasn't going to expire?"

The man sat down, and Uncle Hob continued:

"As soon as I go up the spout one of you go to the poorhouse and say: 'Mr. Willard, old Hob is dead; send a fellow down and plant him.' That will be as good as a speech two hours long. I'm sorry I was took sick here, but it wasn't my fault. You may go now."

The man went out, thinking Uncle Hob out of his mind, and sat down and played dominoes for an hour. Hearing no movement in the back room he opened this door.

The old man was dead!

Somebody has figured out the interesting fact that the total amount of state, county, city and town tax collected in the United States in 1870 was \$280,591,000, which was about \$7 a head for the entire population.

The total amount of these taxes collected in 1860 was \$64,186,000, which was about \$3 a head for the entire population. It cost, therefore, more than twice as much to take care of a man in his State, county and municipal relations, in 1870 as it did ten years before. This does not include the federal taxation.

BIO FERT.—An exchange speaking of the editor of a rival paper, says: "Dwyer of the Sandy Hill Herald, was standing on the depot platform at Fort Edward lately, conversing with a friend, when he felt something jerking at the loop of his Congress gaiters. He turned quickly and discovered the baggage-man trying to get a check strap in his gaiter-loop, which he had mistaken for the handle of a Saratoga trunk." He will be trying to make out by aid by that the Herald editor has big feet.

A new religious belief is gaining ground in Ohio. Its adherents are called Eternalsists. They hold that a soul is immortal, and that it occupies a succession of bodies on earth, and that when disembodied by death it hovers in the air until by some subtle process of materialization it forms or enters a new infantile body, the character of the body—whether of hog, dog or man—depending upon the manner of life which the deceased person from whom the soul comes has led.

A woman gets maddest when you make an unfavorable comparison of her baby with a neighbor's. In the absence of a baby, you can work her up some by puffing up a Grover & Baker sewing machine when she runs a Singer.—*Wilmington Sentinel.*



abused it.

Destructive fires have occurred in various parts of the country this w

Sec. 5. That all cases arising under provisions of this act in the courts of United States shall be reviewable by Supreme Court of the United States, w

The book is valuable in many respects. As a manual of our old hero, whose gene, it will be of use as a precious inspiration. As a kind of sketch of the life of the hero, it will be of use to private letters, etc.,—sought could be more constant for reference. But we bespeak for this book a kind welcome from the families of Virginia on a big ground. All who read it must be elevated by the book. We feel ourselves lifted to a loftier plain into a purer atmosphere by its study. The MANLINESS of Lee—as has depicted,—is a sturdy which in degenerate days cannot fail to attract and mould our exalted line. Into every Virginia household, let this book be placed. Let it be a guide to life. Around every Virginia household, it would be these simple annals rehired. Wherever the book is, it will do good. Under its inspiration our will learn the meaning of MANLINESS!

weighed more than his health  
better. He had been in this coun-  
twenty-four years, having been born  
here by his father and mother,  
still live at the house on Chester street.  
The giant travelled three years to  
Barnum as one of the great living  
curiosities of the world. In his pro-  
fessional career he visited every part  
of this country, from Maine to Califor-  
nia and the extreme South. After ter-  
minating his engagement with Barnum  
the giant travelled with a circus, with  
he contracted the bronchial dis-  
ease, which finally ended his life.

Engs.....	0.00
Butts.....	0.25
.....	0.00
Engs.....	0.00
.....	0.00
Wool.....	0.0030
Do (washed).....	0.0030

**BALTIMORE CATTLE MARKET, Feb. 28, 1975.** Prices ranged to-day as follows: Best Beef, \$3.25 to \$7.00 per lb. Generally rated first quality, \$4.50 to \$5.35; Medium or good, \$3.50 to \$4.50; Poor, \$2.50 to \$3.50. Choice Oen and Cow, \$3.75 to \$4.00; General average of the market, \$4.35; Quotations range as quality, \$3.25 to \$7.00.

**Wool.** The price of 1 lb. of clean, washed wool, \$1.50.

**SHEEP.** Quotations \$4.50 to \$5.00 as quality.

**Hogs.** Quotations \$2.00 to \$2.50.

**MARKET FOR CATTLE.** On Feb. 26—We quote: Choice, \$6.00; Good, \$5.00; Fair, \$4.00; Poor, \$3.00; Cows, \$4.00; Calf, \$6.00 per lb. Sheep sold at \$6.00 per lb. Hogs, \$4.00. Good Cows and Calves \$2.50 to \$3.50.

**MARKET FOR SHEEP.** On Feb. 25.—The following prices were paid for the week ended about 150 head of which were sold at prices ranging from \$3.45 to \$6.00 per lb. Good Cows and Calves brought \$3.45 to \$5.00 per lb. \$4.50 to \$5.00.

**GARDEN SEEDS!**  
**GOOD ADVICE!**  
ALWAYS GET THE BEST—THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.  
WE SELL SEEDS THAT WILL GROW.  
CHEAP SEEDS ARE WORTHLESS.  
**WE WARRANT**  
The Seeds we sell are as represented, for we sell  
NONE BUT GENUINE SEEDS.  
SEEDS GROWN AND SOLD BY JOHN  
LEWIS ARE popular BECAUSE they ARE  
LIABLY TO HAVE them in a full stock of Beans,  
Peas, Corn, Potatoes, Radish, Lettuce,  
Salsify, Cucumber, Egg-Plant, Cauliflower, Celeriac,  
Carrot, Pepper, Melon, and all other Vegetable & Garden  
Cults and send your orders to JOHN S. LEWIS,  
East-Market street.

—Orders by mail will meet with prompt attention.

The object of the above suit is to recover of the defendant, Thomas K. Fulton, the sum of \$500, with legal interest thereon from the 20th day of April, 1881, to date paid, due the said Plaintiff, and to attach return of said defendant for the payment of the same.

And affidavit being made that the defendant, Thomas K. Fulton, is a non-resident of this State.

It is ordered that he do appear here within one month after due publication of this order aforesaid, to answer the Plaintiff's bill, and to do such necessary to protect his interest, and that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in the Washington Post, and once a week published in Harrisonburg, Va. and another copy thereof posted at the front door of the Court House of the County of Shenandoah, at the next term of the Circuit Court of said county. Teste:

Mar 5 p. q. L. W. GAMBILL, C. C. & A.

PAUL P. q.

**Q**UINN'S: **CLAYTON** **KRAU**  
and Vegetables of all kinds in the City Market  
JOHN S. KRAU







